and said, "Signora, from the way you carry your cross, you must have a strong faith. Why don't you join our Church?"

Noticing Emma's surprise, she explained, "That might help. . . . And if the Lord takes you to Him, our Church might canonize you sometime. . . ."

Emma thanked the Mother Superior warmly but could not oblige her.

A month after the last operation, Emma was out of danger but still very weak. I took her to Frascati, a little town in the mountains not far from Rome. After two weeks, she walked for the first time from her bed to the balcony. This was a memorable hour for both of us as we stood looking at the skyline of Rome, dominated by the dome of St. Peter's against the setting sun.

Emma was regaining strength when we received Jordania's letter asking us to go to Paris. The surgeon did not object to the trip but warned Emma that complete recovery might require several years. He underestimated her strength—a year later she was climbing mountains, carrying a heavy knapsack, and she has never again been ill.

FRANCE, LAUREL-CROWNED AND BLED WHITE

In Paris, we joined the Georgian legation. Tseretelli had succeeded in establishing close ties with the anti-Communist elements in the European Socialist parties. On his initiative, an international Socialist commission had gone to Georgia. It included such prominent labor leaders as Ramsay MacDonald (Great Britain), Pierre Renaudel and A. Marquet (France), Emile Vandervelde and Louis de-Brouckère (Belgium), and Karl Kautsky (Germany). They returned deeply impressed by what they had seen, and their reports gained many friends for Georgia. But the big newspapers showed little interest in Georgia's fate, and our assignment was to organize a press campaign to gain the support of the general public.

France was deeply confused. Had she emerged from the war victorious or defeated? The tricolor had become the symbol of war; the red flag, often with the hammer and sickle, the symbol of peace. At one extreme, there was drumbeating and a demand for unyielding vengeance against Germany; at the other, battle fatigue and a passionate desire to relax, to forget, to be let alone.

France had won the war at the price of four and a half years of superhuman effort and suffering. We saw black veils and armbands everywhere. Almost every woman was in mourning for someone—a son, husband, brother, sweetheart. With one and a half million men